

Production No. 7F03

The Simpsons

"BART GETS AN F"

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TABLE DRAFT

Date 3/16/90

"BART GETS AN F"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MARTIN.....RUSSI TAYLOR
MRS. KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE
SHERRY.....RUSSI TAYLOR
TERRY.....RUSSI TAYLOR
NURSE FARRELL.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
MARTY.....HARRY SHEARER
BILL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MAYOR QUIMBY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
LEWIS.....RUSSI TAYLOR
RICHARD.....JO ANNE HARRIS
THOMAS JEFFERSON.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JOHN ADAMS.....HARRY SHEARER
SAMUEL CHASE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ROGER SHERMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
BEN FRANKLIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA

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JOHN HANCOCK.....HARRY SHEARER

GEORGE WASHINGTON.....DAN CASTELLANETA

SOLDIER #1.....HARRY SHEARER

SOLDIER #2.....DAN CASTELLANETA

BART GETS AN F

by

David Stern

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

MARTIN PRINCE sits alone on a stool in front of the class. "Papa: Reflections by Martin" is written on the board behind him. He is dressed in an elaborate costume as ERNEST HEMINGWAY, complete with an overstuffed cableknit sweater, a Greek fisherman's cap, a pipe, and false peppered beard. He is brandishing a copy of "The Old Man And The Sea."

MARTIN

(AS HEMINGWAY) And when I wrote the final line of my book (OPENS BOOK), "...the old man was dreaming of the lions again...", I didn't mean he was literally dreaming of lions, although as an avid hunter I have bagged quite of few of them myself. I merely meant that he was wistfully recalling the virility of his youth.

ON CLASSROOM

There is a smattering of **POLITE APPLAUSE**. The KIDS exchange looks indicating they think Martin is weird. MRS. KRABAPPEL breaks into emotional **APPLAUSE**.

KRABAPPEL

Very good, Martin.

MARTIN

(HAND UP) Please call me Papa.

As Martin returns to his desk to sit down, BART slips a packet of ketchup under his seat.

BART

Little ketchup between your buns, Papa?

(LAUGHS)

KRABAPPEL

All right, class, I think that we have time for one more book report -- who would like to go next?

Bart immediately stops LAUGHING and ducks behind Martin's enormous outfit.

KRABAPPEL

(FROM ATTENDANCE LIST) Bart Simpson?

KRABAPPEL'S POV

as Bart's head suddenly appears from behind Martin.

BART

Yes, ma'am?

KRABAPPEL

Is your book report on "Treasure Island" ready?

Bart grabs his book and shuffles to the front of the class.

BART

Well, as Mrs. Krabappel already mentioned, the name of the book that I read was "Treasure Island".

Bart writes "Treasure Island" on the blackboard.

BART (CONT'D)

(LOOKING AT BOOK) It's about these pirates. Pirates who wear patches over their eyes... and shiny gold teeth... and parrots on their shoulders...

TREASURE ISLAND BOOK COVER

A PIRATE with an eye patch, a shiny gold tooth and a PARROT on his shoulder.

BART (CONT'D)

And the pirates live on an island. But not just any island. It's an island filled with many, many different treasures... hence the title, Treasure Island. Did I mention this book was written by a man named Robert Louis Stevenson, (TURNS BOOK OVER) the famous author of "Kidnapped?"

TIME DISSOLVE - ONE MINUTE OFF THE SCHOOL CLOCK

BART (CONT'D)

(REALLY STRUGGLING) So in conclusion, on the Simpsons' scale of ten, ten being the highest, I give this book... a nine.

Bart writes a big "9" on the board.

BART (CONT'D)

(CLEARING THROAT) Any questions?

Mrs. Krabappel raises her hand in the back of the class.

BART (CONT'D)

Yes, ma'am?

KRABAPPEL

(RUBBING HER EYES) Bart, did you read
the book?

BART

Of course.

KRABAPPEL

Then perhaps you'd like to tell us the
name of the pirate.

BART

Why certainly. The name of the pirate
would be one... Bluebeard.

KRABAPPEL

Sit down, Bart. I'll see you after
class.

BART

Captain Nemo?

KRABAPPEL

Please sit down.

BART

(AS HE SITS DOWN) Long John Silver?

INT. CLASSROOM - AFTER SCHOOL

Bart writes "I will not fake my way through life" on the
board. Krabappel stands behind him with her arms folded.

KRABAPPEL

Bart, I'm very concerned.

BART

(HEAD DOWN) Yes, ma'am.

KRABAPPEL

Your grades have gotten steadily worse
since the beginning of the term, are
you aware of that?

BART

(NODDING) Yes, ma'am.

KRABAPPEL

Are you aware that there is a major
exam tomorrow on Colonial America?

BART

Yes, ma'am.

BART'S POV

as Krabappel continues to speak.

KRABAPPEL'S MOUTH

Blah, blah, blah, blah? (PAUSE)

BART

Yes, ma'am.

KRABAPPEL'S MOUTH

Blah, blah, blah, blah... (PAUSE)

BART

Yes, ma'am.

INT. ARCADE - AFTERNOON

SUPER: 3:42 P.M. SFX: TELETYPE

Bart plays "Escape From Grandma's House" with intensity.

ON THE VIDEO SCREEN

A SMALL BOY runs away from GRANDMA, who with outstretched arms is trying to catch him. He leaps, picks up a gun from Grandma's gun rack and shoots it at Grandma, who keeps advancing, Ninja-style. Finally, the little boy is cornered and killed with hugs and kisses.

GRANDMA

(ELECTRONIC VOICE) Game over.

Bart looks up at the clock. It's 4:21 p.m.

BART (CONT'D)

(INSERTING ANOTHER COIN) All right,
one more hour and we hit the books.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

SUPER: 5:05 P.M. SFX: TELETYPE

TIME FLASHES in the corner of the screen as Bart watches "The Itchy and Scratchy Show" on television.

ON TV

TITLE: "Let Them Eat Scratchy." The setting is Paris, France. Scratchy has Itchy hanging upside down off the Eiffel Tower, but Itchy gets away. Scratchy chases Itchy down the steps only to find himself caught in a guillotine. Itchy, now dressed as Napoleon Bonaparte, pulls the cord and lops Scratchy's head off. Blood splashes the screen red. "The End." Bart **SNICKERS** at the crazy antics.

MARGE (O.S.)

Soup's on!

BART

Okay, one more hour and it's down to
business.

INT. KITCHEN

SUPER: 6:10 P.M. SFX: TELETYPE

The family sits around the table, eating dinner.

HOMER

(CHEWING) Mmmm. Marge, you could cut these pork chops with a spoon.

MARGE

Thank you, Homer. Lisa, did you tell your father your good news?

HOMER

What happened? Did you win something?

LISA

No, Dad. I got an A on my vocabulary test

She points to the refrigerator. We see it is covered with dozens of "A" papers by Lisa.

HOMER

Vocabu--what?

BART

(OUTRAGED) Hey man, what's the big idea? You covered up my paper.

Bart walks over to the refrigerator and pulls the test off the door. We see that it was covering up a yellow, dog-eared drawing of a CAT next to a tree -- Bart's sole contribution to the door. It is signed "Bart - 1st Grade."

HOMER

(CHORTLING) Look at those funny little whiskers. Almost looks like a cat.

LISA

May I please be excused? I have some light studying to take care of before bed.

HOMER

(SNAPPING FINGERS) Oooo! That reminds me. It's Big Gorilla Week on The Million Dollar Movie. C'mon boy.

BART

No, Dad, I should really...

INT. LIVING ROOM

SUPER: 8:05 P.M. SFX: TELETYPE

Homer **URNS ON** the television. A GORILLA is rampaging through a city block. He has a couple of people in each hand.

HOMER

(GASPS) Oh, "Gorilla, The Conqueror." The one against which all others are judged.

BART

(UNEASILY) Well, maybe just one more hour.

INT. LIVING ROOM - 9:35 P.M.

Bart and Homer sit watching the movie. Homer **WEEPS** openly. In the movie a big gorilla in a cage floats out to the middle of the sea. "The End."

HOMER

(SNIFFLING, TEARY) It's so unfair... just because he's different.

BART

Well, time to hit the books.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) Burning the candle at both
ends, eh boy? Go get 'em.

INT. BART'S ROOM - 9:50 P.M.

Bart sits on the end of his bed. He rolls up his sleeves, does a few "Art Carney" moves, **SHARPENS** his pencil and opens his textbook, which is titled, "Let Freedom Ring."

BART

All right, okay, time for a little
action here, let's take care of some
business. (READING) "Chapter One: A
Dream of Freedom. On ~~September~~
fifteenth, sixteen-twenty, Puritan
separatists from the Church of England,
some living in Holland, left Plymouth,
England. Their destination was --

Bart **YAWNS** and his eyes get droopy. Then, suddenly his head **SLAMS** down on the open book. He's out for the count. Homer walks past Bart's room and spots his boy asleep on his book.

HOMER

Psst... Marge. Come take a look at
this.

Marge walks up and looks in, beaming.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(PROUD) Boy, if I had half his
gumption, I'd own my own nuclear plant
by now.

MARGE

The little tiger tries so hard. Why
does he keep failing?

HOMER

(PICKING BART UP) Just a little dim, I
guess.

Homer lays Bart on the bed, takes off his shoes and tucks
him in.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bart's asleep. We hear a BUS HORN HONK.

MARGE (O.S.)

Bart, honey... you're going to miss
your bus!

Bart wakes up, stretches and YAWNS.

BART

Good morning woorr-- (SEES TEXTBOOK) --
we're in big trouble.

INT. BUS - MORNING

Bart and Lisa get on the bus.

OTTO

Hey, Bart-dude. You looked freaked.

BART

I am, Otto-man. Do you know anything
about Pilgrims?

OTTO

They had cool hats, man.

BART

(DISPIRITED) Thanks. (UNDER BREATH)
Okay, no reason to panic. Find an
egghead, charm them for a couple of
answers, boom, we're back on easy
street.

Bart spots the twins, SHERRY AND TERRY.

SHERRY AND TERRY'S POV

Bart approaching, wearing a politician's smile.

SHERRY

(UNDER BREATH) Look at him. I bet he
didn't study again.

TERRY

And now he's going to try to kiss up
and get answers from us.

SHERRY

He's pathetic.

SHERRY/TERRY

Good morning, Bart.

BART

Good morning, girls. I don't know
which one of you looks lovelier.

SHERRY/TERRY

She does.

BART

You know, when I was reading the assignment last night, I was struck by how those Puritans... got on that boat... and before you knew it all that stuff happened... you know, like...

Puritans

SHERRY

They landed?

BART

Yeah.

TERRY

On Alcatraz rock.

BART

Yeah.

SHERRY

In 1812.

BART

Yeah.

TERRY

Which led to a bloody civil war...

BART

(PROMPTING) Uh huh, and then...

The bus comes to a halt in front of the school.

EXT. SCHOOL

Kids get off the bus. The twins emerge **GIGGLING** between themselves. Bart gets off, followed by Martin. Martin approaches Bart.

MARTIN

As a natural enemy, it perplexes me why
I offer you this bit of advice. But
the information pertaining to America's
colonial period that you just received
is erroneous.

BART

What? So you're saying...

MARTIN

A laboratory chimpanzee randomly
pecking at a typewriter has a better
chance of passing this test than you
do.

BART

(GROANS)

The BELL RINGS. Martin enters the school. Bart looks
nauseous.

INT. CLASSROOM

Krabappel hands out the test to the kids in the front rows.
Krabappel's voice trails off.

KRABAPPEL

All right, students, take
one and pass the rest
back. If you have any
trouble, move on to the
next question.

BART (V.O).

Think, Simpson, think.
Crisis brings out the
best in you.

After a BEAT.

BART

(CLUTCHING STOMACH) Oooooo!!

KRABAPPEL

(WEARILY) What is it, Bart?

BART

(WEAKLY) Nothing... must... take...
test.

Bart crumples to the ground in a heap.

INT. HALLWAY

Doubled over in pain, Bart exits his classroom. As soon as the door closes, Bart straightens up and walks down the hall **WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE**. We stay with him as he walks to the Infirmary. Bart resumes his position of pain as he opens the Infirmary door.

INT. INFIRMARY

NURSE FARRELL is bent over on the floor retrieving a spilled jar of tongue depressors.

BART

(STUMBLING FORWARD) Oooooo!!

NURSE FARRELL

(ALARMED) What's the matter, son?

BART

Sharp, stabbing pains... in my stomach.

NURSE FARRELL

Oh dear, I've heard of this.

She picks up a medical encyclopedia.

ON ENCYCLOPEDIA

as the Nurse flips to a page marked "Amoria Phlebitis."
The first symptom is "Sharp, stabbing pains in the stomach."

NURSE

(READING FROM BOOK) "Do you feel a
shooting pain in your in your arm?"

BART

(NODDING) Both arms.

NURSE

"Temporary loss of vision?"

BART

Who said that? Come closer.

Bart puts his hands out as if to feel a face.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM

Bart lies in his bed eating ice cream. He rings a BELL and
Marge appears at the door immediately.

MARGE

Yes, dear?

BART

(HOLDING OUT EMPTY BOWL) Maybe... one
more dish.

MARGE

(MERRILY) Your third bowl... I think
you may be on the mend. Is there
anything else I can get you?

BART

Perhaps the TV?

MARGE

Of course. (CALLING OUT) Homer!?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Homer sits in front of another Gorilla Movie. About to bite into a thick meat sandwich.

MARGE (O.S.)

Bring the television up. Bart's got his vision back!

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWAY

Homer carries the TV upstairs.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MUTTERING) I wish I had Amoria Phlebitis.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bart is watching television. Lisa is there.

LISA

Everyone knows you're faking it, Bart.

BART

Well, everyone better keep their mouths shut.

LISA

Well, you're going to have to fail that history test sooner or later.

BART

I've got my bases covered.

Bart picks up the phone and **DIALS**.

BART (CONT'D)

(ON PHONE) Hey Milhouse, what did I miss in school today?

MILHOUSE (O.S.)

(OVER PHONE) Nothing much. Lewis made Richard laugh milk through his nose.

BART

(ON PHONE - NOT VERY INTERESTED) You don't say? And what about that history test?... (A LITTLE SINISTER) Piece of cake, huh? So let me ask you this?

What did you get for Number one?

(WRITES IT DOWN) Uh huh. And Number two?... Number three?...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Bart whips through his make-up exam and turns it into to Mrs. Krabappel.

BART

(COOLY) Here you go, Mrs. Krabappel.

I think you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Krabappel pulls out her red pen and begins to grade it.

ON TEST

X. X. X. X. X. Every answer is wrong.

BACK TO BART

Bart registers increasing dismay with each wrong answer. Finally, Mrs. Krabappel marks a big red "F".

KRABAPPEL

Why, this test is worse than Milhouse's exam. Bart Simpson, I warned you. This is the final straw!

Bart GULPS.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Homer, Marge and Bart sit across the desk from Mrs. Krabappel and District Psychiatrist DR. J. LOREN PRYOR.

KRABAPPEL

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, I think you know our District Psychiatrist, Mr. J. Loren Pryor.

HOMER

Hey, Dr. J.

PRYOR

I think what we have on our hands here is a classic case of what laymen refer to as fear of failure. Let me explain. Psychologically, Bart never tries; therefore, he never fails.

HOMER

(NODDING) Hmmm...

PRYOR

One of his problems may be his short attention span, which can lead to...

HOMER'S POV

As Pryor continues to speak.

PRYOR (PRYOR)

Blah, blah, blah... (PAUSE)

HOMER

You don't say?

PRYOR

Blah, blah, blah... (PAUSE)

HOMER

I'll be.

Meanwhile, Krabappel reads through Bart's file, GRUNTING repeatedly. Bart shifts uneasily in his seat.

KRABAPPEL

Bart has failed his last four exams in history. (TO BART) Is there anything you're not telling us?

BART

(SHRUGGING) No.

PRYOR

Every other student in the class has shown at least some form of improvement and yet you continue to struggle. Why is that?

BART

Dunno.

KRABAPPEL

Look at these results. Fifty-five, forty-two, twenty-six... a twelve on State capitals...

Bart cracks.

BART

(WILD EYED) Look, you can't squeeze blood from a turnip. Why do you want me to say?! I'm dumb, okay? You think I'm happy about it?

MARGE

There, there, Bart. You're just a late bloomer.

PRYOR

I wish it was that simple. As shameful and emotionally crippling as it may be, I'm afraid that my recommendation is for Bart Simpson to be held back.

BART

What! You can't hold me back. I'll do better, I promise.

Everyone AD LIBS: "Yeah, right," "We've heard that before", etc.

MARGE

Well, maybe it would help him to be left back. It won't be so bad, Bart.

CLOSE-UP - BART

BART

No, I mean it. You can't hold me back. I swear I'm gonna do better. Look at my eyes. See the sincerity, see the conviction, see the fear. As God as my witness, I can pass fourth grade.

Everyone **AD LIBS:** "Yeah, right", "We've heard that before",
etc.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - MORNING

A forlorn Bart explains his predicament to Milhouse.

BART

So they told me this was my final
warning. Absolutely no more chances.
Either I shape up on the next test or
they are going to hold me back.

MILHOUSE

So? That's what they always say.
They're bluffing.

BART

(CHEWING ON HIS NAILS) No, they really
mean it this time. What am I gonna do?

MILHOUSE

(SHRUGGING) Why don't you spit on
Martin? That always makes you feel
better.

ON MARTIN'S NECK

as a big, wet spitball slaps against it. Martin turns
around.

MARTIN

I pity you.

Milhouse **LAUGHS**. Bart looks forlorn.

BART

(BLEAK) It's just not the same
anymore.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus pulls up at school. Otto opens the doors.

OTTO

Get off the bus or forever hold your
peace, little dudes.

Bart approaches Otto.

BART

Otto, you know I respect you. I mean
you always let us throw stuff at cars
and try to tip the bus on sharp
turns...

OTTO

Hey man, I was there myself once.
What's in your head, little man?

BART

(WRINGING HANDS) Well, I've been
failing a lot of tests recently.

OTTO

(VERY DIM) Yuh huh.

BART

And now they tell me that if I don't
shape up they are going to hold me back
in the fourth grade.

OTTO

That's it? Hey, relax, man. It's not
the end of the world.

BART

Really?

OTTO

(NODDING) It could end up being the best thing that ever happened to you. I got held back in the fourth grade myself -- twice. And look at me, man. (WITH PRIDE) Now I drive the school bus.

Bart's expression sinks.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - RECESS

KIDS play merrily all over the playground. Off in a corner, a very pale looking Bart stands alone, throwing a ball against a wall. As he throws the ball, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - THE YEAR 2020 (BART'S FANTASY)

KRABAPPLE

All right, class... the topic is World Literature. What was the pirate's name in Treasure Island?

A 40-YEAR OLD BART

sitting in the back of the class, dressed in clothes that are ten times too small for him and smoking a cigarette. He tries to hide behind the kids sitting in front of him.

KRABAPPEL

Bart Simpson?

BART

(STUCK) Uh... Blackbeard?

KRABAPPEL

No.

BART

Redbeard?

KRABAPPEL

No.

BART

Peg Leg Pete?

KRABAPPEL

Oh, Bart. It looks like I'll be seeing
you again next year.

As the words "again next year" begin to **ECHO** in Bart's
head, we:

DISSOLVE BACK
TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - RECESS

As the ball **BOUNCES** off Bart's head and rolls over to

MARTIN PRINCE

who sits underneath a tree reading "Moby Dick."

BART

Little help!

Martin continues reading. Other kids run up from the field
to stand beside Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey, Martin... are you deaf? I said
little help! Throw me the ball,
Poindexter.

MARTIN

I'm sorry, Bart. I wasn't familiar
with the rules of your sport. I didn't
want to interfere with a ball in play.

Martin picks up the ball and throws it back to Bart like a
girl. All the other kids LAUGH and AD LIB derisive
comments about how Martin throws. Bart see Martin's
humiliation.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Well, back to the forecastle of the
Pequod.

CLOSE-UP - BART

his eyes widen as he gets an idea. He approaches Martin.

BART

Hey, Martin.

MARTIN

You have your ball back.
I have nothing else to give.

BART

I need you to help me get a passing
grade.

MARTIN

Well, you need someone's help to get a
passing grade but I'm puzzled as to why
that someone should be me.

BART

Because I can teach you how to be
normal.

Martin cocks his head like a dog who doesn't understand.

MARTIN

Come again?

BART

I mean I'll make it so that the other kids don't laugh at you so much.

MARTIN

(TAKEN ABACK) They... laugh at me?
I'd always considered myself rather popular.

BART

You're not.

Martin sits down a little stunned by it all.

MARTIN

Well, let's give it a try.

BART

Then it's a deal.

Bart extends his hand to shake. As Martin goes to shake, Bart pulls his hand away.

BART (CONT'D)

Lesson number one.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - STAIRWAY

Bart and Martin walk up the stairs.

MARTIN

All righty, first things first. Let's have a look-see at your study area.

BART

Study area?

MARTIN

Yes, every child has one. A private place, a sanctuary from the hurly-burly of modern life, perhaps with a Western exposure.

BART

Oh, yeah. (OPENS BEDROOM DOOR) I guess it would be over there.

Bart points to a corner where something resembling a desk is located. It is covered with candy wrappers, laser guns and small boxes of ammunition. Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN

Oh, no. This won't do at all. Not one bit. First things first. We're going to have to clean up this room.

BART

What?

MARTIN

And we'll clearly have to get a few ferns in here. No study area is complete without adequate plant-life.

BART

Gotcha.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Bart and Martin walk on the bus. Martin sits down in the front seat. Bart grabs him.

BART

No.

MARTIN

No?

BART

Only geeks sit in the front seat. From now on you sit in the back row.

MARTIN

Why?

BART

Because if you sit in the front, people can see the back of your head. You're a prime target for paper clips bouncing off your skull and spitballs dripping down your neck.

MARTIN

Ahhh. Very wise.

Martin and Bart head to the back of the bus.

MONTAGE:

MUSIC UP: THEME FROM "BRIAN'S SONG"

1) BLACKTOP: Bart shows Martin how to pop a wheelie on his bike. He also takes the bell and basket off Martin's handlebars.

2) LIBRARY: Martin introduces Bart to the Librarian.

3) BACKYARD: Martin attempts to shoot spitwads at a row of soda bottles. Bart walks behind him and adjusts his aim.

4) BART'S ROOM: An excited Martin stands before Bart, sitting at his squeaky clean study area. Martin pulls a large fern from behind his back and hands it to Bart. Bart looks less than thrilled.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The boys (including Milhouse, Lewis, Richard) race around a corner, behind a wall, nearly hyperventilating. They have clearly done something terribly wrong. Martin is GIGGLING nervously. AD LIB, "That was great," "That was funny," "Did you see the look on his face?"

MARTIN

Who would have thought that pushing a boy into the girls' lavatory could be such a thrill? The screams, the humiliation, the fact that it wasn't me. I've never felt so alive.

BART

Great, Martin. Now the big test is tomorrow. What do you say we...

MARTIN

There's a side of me I never knew existed, Bart. A dark side. I want to live there, Bart.

BART

Great, now this test...

MARTIN

(RECKLESS ABANDON) Forget about it. Life's too short to worry about some silly little exam.

BART

But... I haven't even started to study yet.

MARTIN

All these years of study and toil.

What a tragic waste.

Martin starts away.

BART

Hey, I thought we had a deal.

MARTIN

(CHUCKLES) The Martin Prince you made
a deal with no longer exists. Come on
boys, to the arcade.

The other kids AD LIB enthusiasm as they exit.

ON BART

a worried expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP - PICTURE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CROSSING THE
DELAWARE

There are crude drawings of planes strafing Washington.
Washington with a beard. The Loch Ness Monster. Bart is
drawing in a shark.

CUT WIDE

We see Bart looks bored as he sits in his pajamas reading
his textbook. Marge sticks her head in.

MARGE

Bart, it's past your bedtime.

BART

(FLATLY) Okay.

Bart SLAMS the book shut.

BART (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF) This is hopeless. I
guess if you don't know history you're
doomed to repeat the fourth grade.

He **SIGHS** heavily and looks up at the stars. He crosses to
the bed, gets down on his knees. Unseen by him, Lisa
watches from the doorway.

BART (CONT'D)

(TO GOD) Well, old timer... I guess
this is the end of the road. I know I
haven't been a decent, normal kid. But
if I have to go to school tomorrow,
I'll fail the test and be held back. I
just need one more day to study. I
need your help.

LISA

(TO HERSELF) Prayer, the last refuge
of a scoundrel.

BART

A teacher's strike, a power failure, a
blizzard. Anything that'll cancel
school tomorrow. I know it's asking a
lot, but if anyone can do it, you can.

Bart sadly gets into bed and lays his head on the pillow.

EXT. OUTSIDE BART'S WINDOW

As Bart turns out the light, we PULL OUT. After a long BEAT, a sole snowflake floats to the ground and lands on the lawn. Then, a couple of snowflakes fall. Suddenly there's a blizzard.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Bart is asleep in bed. Marge **KNOCKS** on the door and sticks her head in.

MARGE

Bart, rise and shine, little guy.

Bart wakes up. His textbook is propped up prominently in f.g.

BART

(MERRILY) Good morning, woorr -- (SEES
BOOK) Oh, no.

Then his eyes look above the book and widen delightedly.

BART (CONT'D)

Hello!

REVERSE ANGLE

Snow piled up outside of his window. Bart throws open the window and looks around excitedly. He runs downstairs in his pajamas.

INT. KITCHEN.

The Simpsons are all gathered around the radio.

MARTY (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) Rise and shine Springfield
residents! It's the Bill and Marty
Show. He's Bill.

BILL (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) He's Marty.

MARTY (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) Two grown men who can't get
enough of each other...

BILL (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) And it looks like we've got
some snowformation for all of those
flake lovers out there. What say we
share it?

MARTY (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) I think that's a wonderful
idea.

Throughout the following Bart and Homer chant to
themselves.

BART

HOMER

C'mon Springfield County.

C'mon power plant. Luck

C'mon baby. Give it to me.

be a lady tonight. Close,

Close, close, close...

close, close...

BILL (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) Springfield Electric, Gas
and Water plants are all closed for the
day...

MARTY (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) Don't forget the nuclear
power plant, Bill. That's closed too.

HOMER

Whoo hoo!

BILL (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) And now let's get to the school closings. Scotsdale, Buck, Fairfax and Macon Counties will have a two hour delay, and the big one, Marty...

MARTY (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) The one you kids have been waiting for. Springfield county schools... I can't read it, I'm too excited.

A DRUMROLL as Bill opens the envelope.

BILL (O.S.)

(ON RADIO) Springfield county schools will be closed!

BART

All right!

Homer and Bart do the "Icky Shuffle", WHOOPING and HOLLERING it up.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD COUNTY - MORNING

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Thousands of KIDS run into the street SCREAMING WITH JOY. Thousands of MOTHERS chase after them carrying scarves and hats.

INT. SIMPSON HALLWAY - MORNING

Bart busts out of his room, wild-eyed and ready for action. He's got his ice skates over his shoulder, ski goggles on his head and is carrying his sled over his head like a surfboard.

BART

(HEADING DOWNSTAIRS) Cowabunga! Snow's
up!

MARGE (O.S.)

Take a break if your arms go numb!

LISA

Stands in Bart's way, looking at him with wonder in her eyes. Bart stops in his tracks. A **HEAVENLY CHOIR** begins to **SING**.

LISA

I heard you last night, Bart. You
prayed for this. Now your prayers have
been answered. I'm no theologian. I
don't know who or what God is exactly.
All I know is He's a force more
powerful than Mom and Dad put together
and you owe him big.

Bart's expression suddenly turns glassy-eyed as he flashes back to the night before when he asked for God's help.

BART

My God, she's right. What was I
thinking of? I've asked for a miracle
and now I've received it. For this I
will study. Study as I've never
studied before.

Lisa grabs the skates and goggles from Bart as he turns around and heads back towards his room in a daze.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM

Bart waters the fern. Homer enters bundled up for a day in the snow.

HOMER

C'mon, boy. It's a winter wonderland
out there!

BART

Sorry, Dad. No can do.

HOMER

Why?

BART

I've made a pact with the Lord.

HOMER

Oh, okay. Can I borrow your sled?

Bart hands Homer the sled and he exits with a YIP.

BART

(TO HIMSELF) I'm not missing anything.
Frozen earlobes, snowballs down the
back of the neck, trudging up that
stupid sled hill over and over again...
how good could it be?

Bart OPENS his window shade and looks outside.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

Exploding with life in every corner. A Currier and Ives poster come to life. Huge snowball fights, KIDS building forts and snowmen. Everyone is having the time of their lives. There are elaborate ice sculptures being built. A hockey game is in progress on the frozen pond where Mrs. Krabappel throws a body check into PRINCIPAL SKINNER, knocking off his wool cap.

SKINNER

(CHUCKLES GOOD NATUREDLY)

KRABAPPEL

(CACKLING) I haven't had this much fun
in years!

BURNS walks through wearing a long stripped muffler and a top hat. A snowball knocks his hat off.

HOMER

(CHUCKLES)

BURNS

(GOOD NATURED) Why you young
ragamuffin. I'll teach you a lesson
you won't soon forget. Smithers, hit
him.

SMITHERS chucks a snowball at Homer. The SPRINGFIELD MARCHING BAND walks by **PLAYING** "Winter Wonderland". Makeshift stands are being raised as MAYOR DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY steps out of his limosine and walks up to a podium.

MAYOR QUIMBY

I declare this "Snow Day" -- The
funnest day in the history of
Springfield!

The ENTIRE TOWN joins hands and begins to **SING**.

ENTIRE TOWN

"Sleigh bells ring / Are you listenin' /
in the lane / snow is glistenin' /
A beautiful sight / we're happy
tonight/ walkin' in a winter
wonderland."

ON BART

he watches the spectacle and nervously rubs his chin -- like a drunk about to fall off the wagon. His eyes are wide as if he's in a trance.

BART

Hey! Maybe just one snowball.

He **OPENS** the window and is about to step out as he is hit in the face with a snowball. Martin approaches packing another one.

MARTIN

Sorry, Bart. Just being a real kid.

Milhouse, Richard and Lewis follow behind.

MILHOUSE

Great shot, Martin.

LEWIS

Right between the eyes.

RICHARD

Your arm's really improved.

Martin turns and starts back up the hill as the boys follow after him chanting.

MILHOUSE/RICHARD/LEWIS

Martin! Martin! Martin!

Bart **SLAMS** the window shut, grabs his books and heads out the door resigned to study.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BASEMENT

Bart barricades the door and walks down the steps, carrying only his books and a candle to read by. He means business as he takes a seat and opens up his book.

BART

(READING ALOUD, WITH HEART) "Chapter
One: Four Days in Philadelphia. The
first Continental Congress faced a
difficult job. Could the delegates
agree on recommendations that all
Americans could support?

As Bart continues to read, the picture heading the chapter,

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, PHILADELPHIA - 1776

THOMAS JEFFERSON addresses the CONGRESS with his
"Declaration of Independence."

JEFFERSON

"We hold these truths to be self-
evident. That all men are created
equal. That from that equal creation
they derive rights inherent and
inalienable..."

JOHN ADAMS

(LOOKING AT WINDOW) Hey, look
everybody! It's snowing!

SAMUEL CHASE

In the middle of July?

ROGER SHERMAN

It's a miracle.

BEN FRANKLIN enters the room covered with snow and beaming.

BEN FRANKLIN

Hey, fellas. I think I've just
discovered the sled!

The entire Congress rushes to the door.

JOHN HANCOCK

I call firsties!

JEFFERSON

(BANGING GAVEL) Remember to wear your
scarves! Thirty percent of your body
heat escapes from your neck!

As the Congress filters outdoors to play in the snow, we

DISSOLVE BACK
TO:

INT. SIMPSON BASEMENT

Bart **SLAPS** himself in the face. We see that his mind is
wondering. He **SLAPS** himself again.

BART

Do you want to be held back a grade?
Concentrate.

He turns back to his book. Again his mind begins to
wander.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

Bart **SLAPPING** his face. PULL OUT to reveal we are

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

Students work on their tests as the **BELL RINGS**. All the
students turn in their tests and head to the door. Martin,
now with slicked back hair, sun glasses and an open necked
Hawaiian shirt, hands his test in.

MARTIN

Catch you later, Mrs. K.

Bart slaves feverishly over his exam.

KRABAPPEL

Class is over. Please turn in your
exam, Bart.

Bart scribbles a final answer, walks up to her desk and
hands it over. There is a look of desperation in his eyes.

BART

Do you think you could grade it now?

KRABAPPEL

Well, I suppose so. I guess next to
you, I am the one who'll suffer most
from your repeating fourth grade.

BART

Could you just please grade it?

She pulls out her dreaded red pen. Bart paces behind her
like an expectant father.

ON TEST

As Krabappel marks it up. Wrong. Wrong. Correct. Wrong.

BART'S FACE

Rises and falls with each mark. It's doing more falling
than rising.

KRABAPPEL

(HANDING TEST BACK) Well, Bart. It's
a fifty-nine. That's another F.

Bart's expression sinks as he looks down at the test.

BART

(IN SHOCK) I can't believe it.

KRABAPPEL

I know, I know. It's going to be hell.

The words "again next year" **REVERBERATE** in Bart's head. Bart's eyes begin to well up. Then, suddenly, buckets of **TEARS** begin to stream down his face. Mrs. Krabappel looks sort of surprised.

KRABAPPEL

Bart, what's the matter? I would think that you'd be used to failing by now.

BART

(SOBBING) No, you don't understand. I really tried this time. I really tried.

KRABAPPEL

There, there...

BART

(POUNDING DESK) This is as good as I can do. And I still failed.

KRABAPPEL

(OFFERING) Well, a fifty-nine... it's a high F.

BART

(SEARCHING HIS SOUL) Who am I kidding?

I really am a failure after all.

(SOBS) Now I know what George Washington felt when he surrendered Fort Necessity to the French in 1754...

KRABAPPEL

What?

BART

(HEAD ON HIS DESK) You know... 1754,
the famous defeat to the French...

Mrs. Krabappel looks up the statistic in her textbook.

KRABAPPEL

My God, Bart. You're right!

BART

Yeah, well that and a dime will get you
a cup of coffee.

KRABAPPEL

No, you are actually showing a glimmer
of knowledge here. And due to the
difficulty and relative obscurity of
the reference you deserve an extra
point on your exam.

Mrs. Krabappel takes the test back from Bart, crosses out
the 59 and marks a giant 60 on the top of the paper. It's
a D-.

BART

You mean I passed?

KRABAPPEL

Just barely.

BART

(ECSTATIC) I passed. I got a D minus.
I passed.

KRABAPPEL

(ECSTATIC) It looks like you won't be
in my class next year after all.

Bart runs out of the classroom.

EXT. SNOWY STREET

Bart runs down the street jubilantly.

BART

I got a D minus. I got a D minus.

Look out fifth grade, here I come.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Simpsons sit eating dinner. We PAN across to the refrigerator where

BART'S D-

hangs proudly next to the drawing of the cat.

HOMER

We're proud of you boy.

BART

(BACK TO NORMAL) Piece of cake, Dad.

Piece of cake.

FADE OUT.

END